

A DANGER OF CHANNELING SPIRITS

(Poem)

-by B. Edwards



How these voices have claws
Have fangs
How they impose themselves
An absolute presence
The realization
Reawakened each day
How they speak
Their riddles
Into your mind they hurl
Their riddles
Their deceptions
Voices from the outside
And voices from within
Such things they say
Things that stretch
The boundaries of the imagination
Such things they say
To place their visions
Within you
They have broken through
The gates of your thoughts
They entangle
Their thorned vines
Amidst your thoughts
You can feel them
Can you not
As you can see now
They are more than a mere

Concept of energy

And yet.....

In the beginning

What pleasing things

They spoke to me

Yet this was all a lie

Now they are here to feed

To mock and torment

To impose domination

I sought them out

And now they have arrived

When they speak

Such a breath of malice

Hits my ears

The sounds of the world

Have become distorted

And from them voices rise

Voices speak

That can shake the very ground

Beneath my feet

And to sleep

To sleep well

What an elusive dream

For the voices speak

Continuous in their condemnations

Each moment

Each hour

They do not rest

It is I who am weary

To awaken each of these mornings

With only a pitiful

Respite of rest

Fatigued.....

All peace becomes as dust

To the winds scattered

And the very winds themselves

Bring on more and more voices

Thousands and thousands of voices

An arena of voices

And I feel as if I

Have been thrown

To the spectral lions

No.....these are not

Mere thought forms of energy

I can feel them

Vibrations

Jabs

Stings

I can feel them

Moving upon me

“we lift you up

To take you down”

They have told me

“EVP was never a good idea”

I hear them say

Yet what is done is done

And now these voices

Are unleashed upon me

Reality and illusion
Blend.....become obscured
Entangled
Night and day
These voices proclaim
Venomous things
What you thought was truth
Is beyond sight now
If these voices
Were arrows
They would darken out the Sun
With much regret.....I confess
I sought them out
I listened for them
With intensity
I listened for them
Deep down in the depths
And from the depths they rose
And now command the air
All around me
And now I can see
They are much more
Than mere concepts of energy

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